LITTLE VERSES

FOR

GOOD CHILDREN.

—2—

PUBLISHED BY THE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

I must pray
Both night and day.
Before I eat,
I must entreat
That God would bless
To me my meat.
I must not play
On God's own day;
But I must hear
His word in fear.

DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS UCLA

'Tis God's command,
"Thou shalt not steal;"
The pilfering hand
His wrath shall feel.

I'll beg my bread
From door to door,
Rather than steal
My neighbor's store.

Work with your might,
'Tis God's command:
Let work and prayer
Go hand in hand.

All honest labor
God will bless;
Let me not live
In idleness.

I would not kill
  The meanest thing
That creeps on earth,
  Or flies on wing.

I must not lie,
  I must not feign,
I must not take
  God's name in vain.

A wicked child
I must not be;
For God on high
Can hear and see.

I must not speak
Of others ill,
But ever bear
To all good-will.

I'd better die
Than tell a lie,
Lest I be lost
Eternally;

Nor may my tongue
Say what is wrong:
I must not sin,
A world to win.

This blessed book,
My Bible true,
Shows me my sin
And Saviour too.

For Christ alone
My soul can save,
And raise my body
From the grave.

Oh, blessed Saviour,
Take my heart,
And let not me
From thee depart.

Lord, grant that I
In faith may die,
And live with thee
Above the sky.

CREATION.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
God made the grass so green;
God made the flowers that smell so
sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful should we be!

God made the pretty bird to fly;
How sweetly has she sung!
And though she soars so very high,
She ne'er forgets her young.

God made the cow to give me milk,
The horse for me to use:
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
Nor dare his gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink;
God made the fish to swim;
God made the trees to bear me fruit;
O how should I love him!

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. Psalm 104:24.

THE BIBLE.

What book ought I to love the best,
And on its truth securely rest?
THE BIBLE.

What tells me of my fallen state,
And how God can me new create?
THE BIBLE.

What points me to the Lamb of God,
To trust in his atoning blood?
THE BIBLE.

What warns me to abstain from sin,
And tends to make me pure within?
THE BIBLE.

What teaches to relieve the poor,
And med'cine for the sick procure?
THE BIBLE.

What teaches me to love my foe,
And acts of kindness to him show?
THE BIBLE.

What tells me of that state of bliss
Where I shall never do amiss?
THE BIBLE.

What can support my drooping head
When I am laid on my death-bed?
THE BIBLE.

Why should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?